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FROM

Henry W. Longfellow,
Cambridge

Miscellanies of Fulkerson:

EMBODYING HIS

LATEST AND BEST PRODUCTIONS

IN PROSE AND POETRY.

LOUISVILLE:

HANNA & DUNCAN, PRINTERS, CORNER THIRD & MAIN.

1866.

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1866.

A. L. 1594. 8. 175

1870, Jan. 18.
Gift of
Henry W. Longfellow,
of Cambridge.

DEDICATION.

I take great pleasure in dedicating this volume to my old and highly esteemed friend, Judge R. A. BURTON, of Marion county, Kentucky.

A. F.

LOUISVILLE, September, 1866.

MISCELLANIES OF FULKERSON.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

Hurrah for Andrew Johnson!
And a thousand cheers for him,
May his years on earth be many
And his fame grow never dim;
With the men of moral courage
Who lived and died for truth,
He shall live in after ages
In green, immortal youth,
Uninjured by the missiles
Which envious men have thrown
To wound his free, great spirit
Battling for the right alone.
When millions have departed,
Who strove to blast his name,
His country's thrilling story
Shall brighten with his fame;
Historians will remember
And faithfully relate
Those deeds which mark him hero
In the annals of the great—
Deeds not of war, but better,
The deeds of glorious mind
Still seeking gently, ever
The Nation's wounds to bind,
Still striving, working onward,
Mid scorn and bitter hate
To save our bleeding country
From dark disunion's fate.
Not always in the battle,
Where carnage strews the ground

Mid the conflict's roar and thunder,
Are the truest heroes found;
There is a higher courage
Than that which gains the field
Where to o'erwhelming numbers
Sometimes the brave must yield;
The great high soul, undaunted
By faction's hellish rage,
Who meets the storm unshaken
Will live on history's page,
Where lesser heroes perish
From the records of renown,
Who fought like very demons
Mid the battle's awful frown.
Where many rush together
To overwhelm the foe,
And shoulder unto shoulder
To fiercest conflict go—
The crowd in surging masses
Borne onward with the wave
Are moved by what hath often
Made even cowards brave;
They feel the wild contagion,
They hear the death storm rave—
And blind with passion's fury
Rush onward to the grave.
But is there not full often
A loftier bravery seen,
More pure and more unselfish,
More holy and serene,
Wherein the dauntless statesman
Confronts a host alone,
Who would o'er freedom's ruins
Erect a tyrant's throne?
Who swerves not from his purpose
To save his native land,
Though million blows are dealt him
By faction's impious hand.
And thus doth ANDREW JOHNSON

Still by his country stand—
A moral-courage hero—
Steadfast, unawed and grand ;
The breath of hate is on him
And envy's scowling gaze,
His thoughtful nights are weary,
And troubled are his days :
But like a tameless eagle
With eye fixed on the sun,
He'll travel grandly forward
Until his warfare's done—
Until the holy warfare
He wages 'gainst the foes
Of freedom, truth and justice
In victory shall close ;
Until the hosts now aiming
Their country's overthrow,
Are by an outraged people
Consigned to shame and woe,
And the Union of our fathers,
The hallowed of all time,
Redeemed and reconstructed
Shall proudly stand sublime,
The work of those whose wisdom
And deathless love combined
Have left its glorious blessings
Heir-looms to all mankind.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN EVENING WITH A POETESS.

It is a long time, and yet it does not seem so very long. It is a great while, indeed, since that memorable evening, so vividly impressed on my mind, was passed in company with one of the most gifted, and yet the most artless and unconscious of earthly women.

She had genius and talent, both combined ; she could both conceive and execute. Her songs flowed like a bright and gushing river, from the depths of her pure,

young heart, and woke in others' bosoms a wild melody akin to that which stirred her own. Many an eye grew moist over the thrilling pathos of her lines, and gentle and innocent and unsuspecting natures sent back the echoes of her artless song, and felt their souls all thrilled with that ecstatic bliss which springs from raptures born of poring over the minstrel's page—that mirrors all that's beautiful and true and tender and divine in life—all that's lovely in the outer world—all that s bright and dear, or grand and gorgeous in the illuminated spirit's inmost temples. In her glorious verse, the blue heavens wore a deeper blue, and the bright stars glowed with a serener light, and the winds of evening breathed a sweeter music, and the streamlets flowed with softer sound, and the flowers blushed with deeper bloom than that which nature seemed to give. The rainbow's gorgeous tints seemed scattered over the pages of her volume, and its leaves appeared almost to rustle with the twilight breeze, whose whispering melodies they bore!

I had read her poetry with the enthusiasm of a devotee, and longed to see the enchantress whose faiy fingers

"Had woke to ecstasy the living lyre,"

and thrilled its strings with a melody that sent its echoes back from all hearts which loved the beaautiful and true. My imagination had arrayed her in the garb of some romantic being almost too bright, too beautiful for earth, and I was not, in the interview, fated to that disappointment which so often attends those who meet the illustrious for the first time, and find them instead of being those angelic looking personages whose pictures their warm fancy had previously drawn, but common, every day sort of mortals at best, who look and act and converse like other people.

Such was not the case in this instance. I was disappointed in not being disappointed. She fully came up to my expectations. She looked the poetess she was. Her sunny ringlets fell in profusion on her shoulders. Her dark eyes were full of enthusiasm, and her lips were wreathed with eloquence, and she walked like a vision of poesy incarnate. She glided into the room where I sat

waiting, and was in my presence ere I was aware. I arose and bowed, and advancing towards her, observed: This is Mrs.**** W****, I suppose. She responded affirmatively, and asked me my name, which I gave her. She then shook hands with me and desired me to be seated, remarking at the same time, that she was indeed glad that I had called to see her. Be it understood, I had ignored the formalities of an introduction, and had no card, but sent in my message verbally, by the servant.

We entered at once into conversation, which took, of course, rather a discursive literary range. We talked mostly of the earlier and later poets of England and America, and I remember quoting freely from Byron, of whom I was then and am still, a devout admirer.

Neither she nor I had hardly as yet, (for we were both young,) begun to feel the full force of Longfellow's words:

"Life is earnest, life is real;"

but visions of splendor—hopes of fame and earthly grandeur—never to be realized here, were ours—dreams of something glorious but intangible in coming life, which that life and its cold experiences, always convince the heart, were delusions and fantasies, inevitably to be dissipated in the rough contact with the practical world. She asked me "if I loved music and wished a song." I told her that I did. She immediately seated herself at the piano and warbled forth one of her own plaintively touching, and wildly beautiful songs. I listened to the melody and watched the glorious play of her illuminated features, as her supple fingers stole over the keys of the instrument, and called forth the hidden mysteries of exquisite harmony dwelling therein, and her voice tuned to the utterance of a pure, young gifted soul, woke within mine own, responsive cadences, that still are answering back to hers, thro' the long roll of checkered years which since have fled. For the memories of that hour pass not away from my heart, whose holiest moments are ever in the past.

I arose and bade her good evening. I had spent an hour in the company of a true poetess, and the records of that hour were stamped upon the tablets of my memory, never to be effaced.

With many wishes for her happiness, and a thousand sympathies with the growing fame of one whose cunning hand had touched the lyre of my country with wooing tenderness, and called from its inner depths the strains that could not die, I regretfully turned away from her enchanting presence. I sought the street, and under the cloudless sky of a calm October night, while the stars were kindly glittering from their homes above, I went forth into the world again to mingle with its sordid scenes and be lost among the multitude contending upon its busy stage.

The quiet of the hour, the tranquil silence of the city, the repose of the calm and glorious night, threw around me the pensive spell of a pleasing melancholy, and I sought my hotel to sleep or rather to dream of what the great future held in reserve for one, who like me, was going forth then for his first time, in search of wealth, or fame, or what the voyage of life might yield

Since then the shifting changes of fortune, the vicissitudes of life and the war of passions and of hopes have left their impress on my brow, and sprinkled gray hairs upon my head, but from my heart are banished not the recollections of that evening with a poetess.

With me, the young romance of life is gone, and all that gave it zest, is slumbering in the dim mysterious past.

The beautiful spirit that has called these tender memories from its hallowed mansions has long since flown to its God, and over the sainted repose of its mouldering tenement the birds of summer are warbling their sweetest notes, and the loveliest flowers are yielding their richest incense and daintiest bloom.

The harp her fingers touched on earth is tuned to angel-music now, and round her brow the immortal amaranth is twined. The "Rainbow" over-arching that sky —forever grand and glorious meets her view, and climes more gorgeous and lovely than ever "Pulpit Eloquence" portrayed, are now the everlasting abode of her who heard from this low orb its seraph strains enchanted— till she went away from here through the dark portals of death to wake and sing forever there!

LOUISVILLE, June 18th, 1866.

I KNEW HER HEART IN SILENCE WEPT.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

She had no sadness on her brow,
  She was as wild a bird that night
As ever trilled his merry song,
  Or heaven-ward winged his happy flight!
The sorrows of her soul unseen
  Far down the depths of mem'ry slept,
But though her face was wreathed with smiles,
  I KNEW HER HEART IN SILENCE WEPT!

The idle laugh and sportive jest
  Amid the glad and gay went round,
And footsteps light as zephyr's breath,
  Kept time to music's merry sound!
And o'er the lute and light guitar
  By turns her trembling fingers swept,
But though her face was wreathed with smiles,
  I KNEW HER HEART IN SILENCE WEPT!

She was my first, fond love, I trow,
  'Mid happiest hours of trusting youth,
But heeded well another's vow
  Nor heard mine own whose words were truth;
And well she might in sadness cling
  To hopes and joys that long hath slept—
What though her face was wreathed with smiles,
  I KNEW HER HEART IN SILENCE WEPT!

But I forgive you, darling one,
  Take back the dream your beauty gave,
To waste the wild flower's blooming sun,
  Whose shadows sleep upon your grave!
But in yon cloudless climes above
  By angel-wings forever swept,
You know that there, my darling love,
  THEY WEEP NO MORE WHO HERE HAVE WEPT!

A STROLL ON BROADWAY.

On last Sunday, besides listening to a fine sermon and attending Sunday-School, and a Bible Class under the direction of an eminent clergyman of this city—wherein certain biblical and theological ideas were received and exchanged between the class, our humble self, and the minister, we treated ourself to a magnificent stroll up and down Broadway; that loveliest street of all this lovely world. It is some seven miles long; extending from the Bardstown turn-pike-road gate to Portland, which measures about that distance under the chain.

Its famed namesake of the goodly city of Gotham, has no such length. Neither is there its equal in that respect in London or Paris. Its width is ninety feet, and its pavements on each side, as far as laid down, measure twenty feet in width. It is shaded on each side by beautiful trees—now putting forth their buds and blossoms, and leafing out—and sending forth delicious odors on the winds—such as make it a luxury to breathe the scented atmosphere that floats up and down its long, delightful vistas

Like Obidah, the son of Aben Hassan, "who left the Caravansera early one morning and journeyed through the plains of Hindostan," I learned that the journey of a day, yea less than a day, "was a picture of human life." For though our ears were not greeted like his, "with the earliest morning songs of the bird of Paradise," yet our cheeks were fanned by as sweet scented gales as ever breathed over the happy land where the soft-eyed Lotus-eaters dream away their vision-blest lives on the isle of Ablondo the Great.

And we saw on the happy Sabbath morning as the crowd of passengers, male and female, pedestrian and on horseback, in barouches and in the saddle, excited and contemplative, anon with hurrying footsteps, and anon with leisure tread, that the stroll of an hour, as well as the journey of a day, "was a picture of human life" presented to the eye in vivid and lasting colors. For each one there was individualized in his or her particular,

pleasurable pursuit—chasing with Argus-eyed search that phantom—bliss, that mocked them still, and mocks us all —but beckons ever onward to the better land. For hope springing eternal in the human breast, proclaims we "never are but always to be blessed,"—so said Pope—so said Plato a long time before him—and so, greater and better than either—than all—said the Saviour of men, "who spake as never man spake."

Into these reflections I was led in my stroll, from having heard the Christian's faith so eloquently and ably set forth by the talented pastor whose church we had attended.

Happy and beautiful Broadway! May the sweet songs of thy singing birds never cease and the voices of the merry children of thy sidewalks be never hushed. May the gay and young, as well as the aged and infirm—the faint and weary—the afflicted and the strong, the humble and the great—the servant and his lord—the mistress and her maid—still seek thy sunny bowers in the morning dews of life, as time with tireless tramp, still marches on —and a million of balmy April Sabbath morns shall bless the denizens of Louisville in their glad return—till the empire of commerce shall have long since appropriated the Broadway of to-day—and another, yet lovelier, longer, and more lustrious than the first, shall mark the limits of Louisville—with its lofty palaces and flower-gemmed gardens, resting

"On the banks of old Salt River,
Where giant branches fling
Their shadowy arms above us,
In the quiet hour of spring."

MAMMOTH CAVE.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO L. J. PROCTER, ESQ.

Down in the cavernous depths below
Where the silent waters in darkness flow,
Domes and pillars and columns grand
Unseen are wrought by nature's hand;

In the noiseless realms far away from the sun
Where her wonderful works in the ages are done,
Where gems are glowing no eye hath seen,
And rivers are coursing their way serene,
'Twixt voiceless shores in the fathomless caves,
And man nor beast hath drank of their waves;
Where down in the depths of their rayless home
The eyeless fish disporting roam,
And eternal night on her starless throne
In silence and darkness reigns alone;
And the sightless bat in his mansions of gloom
Flits ever and anon through each desolate room,
Away from the world that is living above—
Far away from its mansions of madness and love,
Far away from the scenes of the country or town,
And their sultry abodes our steps have come down,
To wander all day through the wonderful cave,
Unto which the dread name of Mammoth men gave.
For its chambers are high and its avenues long
And roof and walls are compact and strong,
And a city that's hidden far under the ground
All tenantless here in the darkness is found,
Reared by the Builder who fashioned the sun
And pronounced all good when his work was done.
And the silent works of ten thousand years
Were formed by the water's trickling tears;
Drop by drop did each crystal come
To make the column and rear the dome,
Till palace and tower and minaret
Rose from the floor and the great roof met,
And spars of beauty and temples grand
Were reared unseen in the silent land.
And here where curious footsteps roam,
Behold fair "Lucy's" lovely "Dome,"
Wearing the sweet bewitching name
Of her who gave its wonders to fame,
And still is living this world to bless
With her soul and form's fair loveliness.
And the "Chamber of Stars" bewildering the sight
With its saphire gems like jewels of night

That flash in its heavens like planets of love,
Which look down on us from the far skies above.
Mysterious Cave of the awful and grand,
By "Echo's river" I musingly stand,
And think what day in the annals of time
Its stream burst forth, to wander sublime
In the regions remote from the mansions of men,
Through the silent plain and the voiceless glen,
Flowing forever through lonely caves,
And hearing no sound but the song of its waves.
In fancy I roam through ages long past,
And ponder alone in these caverns so vast;
But lost in conjecture my thoughts turn away
To seek the bright world in the regions of day.

MAMMOTH CAVE, KY,. July 30, 1866.

ALICE LEEDOM.

Written on seeing her picture at the residence of Dr. H. Slaughter Elizabethtown, Kentucky.

In that sweet picture I behold
The winning smile, the gentle grace,
And thoughtful look, such as of old,
In brighter days I loved to trace—
In brighter days long passed away,
When lovely Alice walked this earth
A creature joyous, bright, and gay,
The cynosure of wit and mirth.

Alas for human hopes and joys!
Alas for pleasures which we prize!
The things we love time still destroys—
There's nought that's safe this side the skies!
I thought when last I saw thy face,
Thou would'st have lived for many years,
That home refined to deck and grace,
Where but thy picture now appears!

Gone from the friends that loved thee well—
  Gone from all grief or cares below—
In heaven I know that thou dost dwell,
  And what else should I care to know?
My faith informs me I shall meet
  The loved of earth beyond the grave,
The Good Book gives us knowledge sweet
  That Jesus died all men to save.

Yes, in that higher, better clime,
  Where thou, sweet Alice, now dost live,
Our souls shall triumph over time
  And there to God our praises give.
There is no thorn upon the path
  Where now thy gentle steps shall stray,
There is no frowning cloud of wrath
  To darken o'er thine endless day.

The skies on which thou now dost look
  Are ever pure, serene, and clear,
Thy footsteps roam by "Siloa's brook,"
  Thou breathest heaven's own atmosphere.
There is no pain nor sorrow there,
  No broken hearts that mourn for rest,
No wailing notes of keen despair
  Disturb those mansions of the blest.

I leave thee there; my thoughts have been
  Where thou dost roam in cloudless bliss,
Far, far beyond the pain—the sin
  Abounding in a world like this.
Consoled by faith sublime that thou
  Art with thy God forevermore,
I go refreshed and strengthened now
  To muse and wander as of yore!

MUSINGS IN CAVE HILL CEMETERY.

A few days ago I took a ramble thro' Cave Hill Cemetery, that quiet and beautiful city of the dead. Away from the dusty streets of town and the thronged avenues of trade, I lingered awhile among the departed, and learned wisdom from their silence, and resignation and hope from the sweet yet solemn scene spread in mournful loveliness around me. The white monuments of marble that glittered in the clear sunshine of a cloudless day, were emblems of the innocence and purity of the tranquil sleep of death, unruffled by the distorting dreams of passion, and undisturbed by the evil imaginings or unhappy regrets of living men.

In that sanctuary at last the troubled heart lies still, and the afflicted cease to mourn. Envy and ambition are alike powerless to harm their rest. To those silent mansions of their long repose, grief and care and wrong shall never come. Above them in spring the earliest birds shall sing their blithest songs; the blossomed wealth of summer shall dispense its fragrance to the winds that wander over them; the autumn shall strew its faded leaves around their tombs, and winter's spotless mantle of snow shall cover the sloping hill sides where they sleep. And their rest shall be very calm and beautiful, as the multitude of years roll on. And morn shall rise, and eve shall set, and the dews of heaven shall descend upon them, and the winds shall weave their melodies through the trees above, that shade the silent walks of that serene abode, and ages after ages gliding on, shall wake them not. And as the living city shall increase its wealth, so shall this neighboring necropolis extend its boundaries, and increase its population and receive into

its bosom the hoarded wealth of many a mother's fondest love—of many a father's proudest hope. The young, the beautiful are there, and slumber side by side with the bowed in frame and the stricken in years.

The maiden snatched away from joys, parental love, and admiring friends, has gone thither in the hearse with nodding plumes—with her glorious locks shading her pallid brow, damp and cold in death, her white hands folded on her stainless breast —and her heaven-hued eyes, that kindled with the dreams of love or glowed with faith's etherial fires —asleep forever 'neath their blue-veined lids, and mouldering down to darkness and to dust. The fair-haired boy, that may have loved her well, is also there. There the son beside the father sleeps, and by the mother's side her infant child that scarcely saw the dawn of life. And there in that beautiful and secluded spot—surviving love to whom the dead are ever doubly dear, has placed the "storied urn and animated bust," the lettered slab and graven column, to mark the last repose of friends whom mortal eyes shall see no more, but whose immortal spirits, long since have found "that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

And thither, like some loved ones lingering still behind, whom I saw the day I was there, they go from time to time, to spend a quiet hour in the hallowed society of the dead—to strew roses and amaranths and blue-eyed violets over the consecrated spots where their loved ones sleep, thus keeping fresh and fragrant in their hearts the memories of those so loved, so valued here—so mourned and missed from earth, to bloom forever fair and young in heaven:

"If yon bright stars which gem the night,
Be each a blissful dwelling sphere,
Where kindred spirits reunite
Whom death has torn asunder here,

Oh then 'twere sweet at once to die
And leave this blighted orb afar—
Mix soul with soul to cleave the sky
And soar away from star to star!

But oh, how dark, how drear, how lone,
Would be the brightest world of bliss,
If wandering through each radiant one
We failed to find the loved of this!

If here alone those ties should twine,
Which death's cold hand alone can sever,
Ah, then those stars in mockery shine—
More hateful as they shine forever!

It cannot be—each hope, each fear,
That lights the eye or clouds the brow,
Proclaims there is a happier sphere
Than this bleak world which holds us now.

There is a voice which sorrow hears
When heaviest weighs life's galling chain—
An angel whispers: "Dry thy tears!
The pure in heart shall meet again!"

LINES,

Composed on a visit to the neighborhood of Mount Vernon, near Newport, Kentucky, and respectfully dedicated to General G. W. Runyan and his accomplished lady, by the Author.

Adown the sky, along the cloud-fringed West,
Slow sinks apace the golden sun to rest!
And evening's quiet hour is now at hand
With peace and beauty breathing o'er the land!

I look abroad and view the happy scene,
Where many a towering hill of emerald green,
In swelling grandeur greets my pensive gaze
And wakes my slumbering muse to sing its praise,
While lovely valleys in their sweet repose
Enchanting prospects to the view disclose.
Southward a long, blue line of hills arise
Whose stately tops approach the bending skies
And cast their lengthening shadows far abroad
Athwart the vales by grazing cattle trod,
Northward the distant woods with dark'ning shade
Reflect their image on the dusky glade,
While western winds come murm'ring soft and low,
And o'er my brow with dewy freshness blow!
Delightful scenes of innocence and peace!
Here might the sorrows of my spirit cease,
And here my heart from mem'ry's torturing grief
Amid these quiet valleys find relief!
A fate so happy, and so blest, howe'er,
Is not reserved for me—from year to year,
A hapless, lonely wanderer I shall be
Upon the land and o 'er the stormy sea!
Without a home, or house, or friend, or mate,
I roam the dreary world all desolate!
But could I claim some cherished fixed abode,
Where from the lonesome, long and thorny road
I've trod on earth—my aching steps might turn
The soothing joys of blest content to learn;
'Tis in these tranquil bowers I feign would rest
And entertain at last the heaven-born guest!
Where o'er the fields the flocks all peaceful stray
And birds of sweetest music charm the day!
Where gen'rous Runyan with his lovely wife,
Has sought a shelter from the storms of life,
And with his happy family around,
A safe retreat from busy care has found,
Where gliding down the placid stream of time
Their hearts and hopes repose in God sublime!

CAMPBELL COUNTY, KY., June 30, 1866.

THE BLUE-EYED MAID OF CEDAR RUN.

When rambling bards to fame unknown,
  But courting still Apollo's praises,
In forest depths pursue alone
  The chase for daffodils and daisies,
And seek out Flora's eldest born,
  To lend their lays the look of morn,
And weave for beauty's matchless worth
  A diadem too bright for earth,
They find full oft along their way
  A sweeter, lovelier queen than *they*,
With dimpled smiles, and sunny hair,
  And eyes that shame the violet's hue,
That decks the heavens whereat we stare,
  When nights are clear and stars are new,
With shapes that mould our fondest dreams,
  We only deemed a wild ideal,
To forms where *living* beauty beams,
  And Juno's self is more than real.
And thus it happened once with me,
  When I was wandering out, you see,
To dwell awhile with woods and flowers,
  And weave a wreath from Flora's bowers
About my songs; to have when born
  The freshness and the charm of morn.
Along a streamlet's curving slope,
  That smiled like May and laughed like Hope,
Whose waters kissed the verdant banks,
  And flowers sprang up and nodded thanks;
And far away into the woods
  The blue-grass hills were winding back,
That heard not in those solitudes
  The stream that ran its pebbly track,
With bubbling hum and murmuring glee
  And lowly lisping lullaby,
With smiles anon, and then a laugh
  At birds that came its waves to quaff--
A cottage stands upon a hill,

Which does this streamlet look upon,
Where first I saw sweet Mary Mill,
The lovely Maid of Cedar Run.

It may be long ere I return
To woo that gentle girl again,
And longer yet for me to burn
With passion unreturned and vain;
But still, when rosy hours arrive,
That flush th' empurpling set of sun,
Forget—I cannot, though I strive—
The lovely Maid of Cedar Run.

Her blue eyes tremble o'er my heart,
Her fair locks float before my gaze,
My being is of hers a part,
Her life entwined with all my days.
The fairy form of Mary Mill,
Of earthly flowers the loveliest one,
In dreams is stealing o'er me still—
The blue-eyed Maid of Cedar Run.

THE WEATHER.

We have had most unaccountable weather, and a very long spell of it at that. It is near the middle of June, and yet, we have hardly had a day that would start the perspiration on the face of a healthy man—to say nothing of him of torpid liver and dyspeptic stomach, to whom the act of sweating would be as strange a phenomenon as one of Pargny's ice creams would be to a native of the torrid zone. Summer clothing has gone a begging till now spring has passed away, and till very lately overcoats were needed and worn to break the winterish winds; and blazing fires of the "bituminous" so far from being uncomfortable, were actually indispensable to warming that genial current of the soul which the poet Gray asserts in his elegy, was frozen long ago in the bosoms of certain little bipeds, male and female, who dwelt in the chilling and humid climate of Albion.

There is certainly some disturbance in the elements; perhaps a comet is coming this way—or something unusual has happened in the aerial regions to delay so long the advent of warm weather. It has retarded the crops in the country, and materially interfered with the clothing business, to say nothing of the sudden check which it gave to the trade in ice cream and soda water.

Yet the heated term in the ordinary course of nature, will be upon us and all around us soon, when cooling shades will be sought with as much avidity as we sought the sunny side of the street or the still more desirable fire-sides. But cold weather has continued with us so long that summer will most likely be limited to the three months allotted in the calender—at the end of which months frosty nights and tranquil days, the harbingers of autumn, will again appear in the milder sun of breezy "bewitching September," when commerce will again call its votaries to our thronged streets, and Louisville will be wide-awake and herself again.

We had thought of mentioning in a note that the weather seems to have been particularly partial, however, to our senior; inasmuch as he has lately had a new suit of butternut jeans presented to him by the Hope Woolen Mills, and the cold weather suited his suit.

CANEWOOD.

The following lines are inscribed with sentiments of the highest regard to Dr. Charles Morrow Way and his accomplished lady—at present of Louisville—but at the time they were written, occupants and residents of Canewood, at which delightful abode the author was the recipient of much kindness and many hospitalities, whose memory with him neither time nor distance can efface.

Here, nestling in a grove of shadowing trees,
The blest abode of elegance and ease,
Delicious spot, whose quiet charms the mind
From harrowing scenes of sorrow left behind
Dear Canewood's vales and sloping hills of blue—
Invite my heart to contemplate the view!

Here from the city's crowded mart retired,
With love of nature's gentler walks inspired,
The spirit worn with scenes of worldly strife,
May gain fresh strength and drink new streams of life,
And smarting 'neath affliction's chastening rod,
Away from man, be nearer still to God;
May learn within when tempests darkly lower
Religion's sweet and soul-sustaining power,
And cheered by all the varied prospect round,
Feel purest joys within the soul abound.
Enchanting bowers, my bosom well may own
Your genial power to soothe the spirit lone,
Whom stern adversity hath sorely tried
And Fortune's hand her favoring gifts denied!
I see around me hill and silver stream
Reflecting back the sunlight's golden gleam
And hear the singing birds from glen and grove
Pour fourth their swelling notes of joy and love,
While herds of lowing kine afar are seen
To roam the hills or graze the meadows green!
O'er Canewood's blest and love-pervaded bowers
May time's fleet pinion shed its rosiest hours;—
May life be bright and faith be ever clear
To those pure hearts whose earthly home is here;
Around them still may peace and plenty reign
And love and Friendship wreath their golden chain,
And as they near the port where troubles cease
Within the harbor of eternal peace,
May Hope's bright hand and Faith's pure eye sincere
Still woo them onward to that happier sphere,
Where winter never comes with chilling gloom,
But fadeless flowers in endless beauty bloom
In climes unknown to tomb or tear or pall
AND WHERE GOD'S CEASELESS LOVE ENCIRCLES ALL!

CANEWOOD, Jefferson County, Ky., Dec. 11th, 1866.

SAM. PETER'S SPRING.

WASHINGTON COUNTY, NEAR MAXVILLE, KENTUCKY.

I was at the above gentleman's house in 1845, in June or July, I forget which, on my way to Ohio and other places; while there, he requested me one day to go down and look at a fine spring not very far from the house, improved by himself by a stone wall and other fixtures. On our return he remarked, with a smile, that he thought the subject poetical; whether I thought the same or not, will be discovered on the perusal of the subjoined, which I produced upon the spot.

I could have wished Sam. Peter's Spring
Might its own song and glory sing,
But then I sighed to start away
From his dear home and never say
One word to leave behind me when
My steps should wander far 'mid men,
Chance fetching me not back again,
For though among Kentuckians, I
Have often drawn the long-drawn sigh,
Which their unkindness made for me,
And caused my heart a pall to be
Of gloom and hourly misery;
Yet still I love thee, blood-bought land,
Of beauty's throng and freedom's band,
And think how long, sometimes, I say,
Before I rest me in thy clay,
And lay this time-worn body down
To slumber where thy dark woods frown.

But now I'm off my story quite,
And hence I must return polite,
And beg the reader's smiles and pardon
For the Kentuckian's bearing so hard on,
And pass from them, who often bring us
Dinners at meetings to the Spring "hus,"
Where Mrs. Peters always places
Her butter and milk in plates and vases.

How sweet to sit beneath the shade,
At evening when the cloth is laid,
And grace, so gracious, has been said,
And from your glass the milk to sip,
Which leaves its coolness on your lip,
And pours a part, as it well mote,
Of the bubbling spring adown your throat;
Not that I would attempt to hint
That Mrs. Peter mixed water in 't,
But poets' fancies like founts obey,
In their wandering flight's unbridled play,
The law of their nature, they rise
So high—no higher, one but tries
His too short wings, and then he dies.
I hope, dear Sir, you'll understand,
What I meant when I said,
(As I did—"By Ned!")
That the milk poured joy on the inner man,
By "cooling his copper" as down it ran,
For I have the right quite as much
This beautifully bright to touch,
And say the milk with spring-water cool
"Wet one's whistle" while swallowing it.
As you have to call that froth "*lambs wool*"
Which you make by boiling cider and apples,
And draw out the latter with fingers or grapples;
You 'd make it lamb's *wool*, if you could, by your wit,
But every body knows it is *not* wool, a bit!

Farewell to Sam. Peter, may his Spring long run
On its quiet track neath shadow and sun,
May the wall, like a key arch, encircling the spot,
Not tumble to peices, till water is not,
May his children and wife partake of its wave,
Till their spirits find heaven, their bodies the grave.
May the pilgrim like me, from the dust of his travel,
The web of its coldness completely unravel,
And long as these fountains of silver endure,
May the soul of their owner be noble and pure.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Our readers will remember Mr. Benton's great speech delivered in Congress a few years ago, on the subject of the Pacific Railroad—then beginning to be discussed through the country—the project having first originated, if we rightly remember, with Mr. Asa Whitney, a gentleman of wealth residing in the city of New York, who proposed, if we are not mistaken, to undertake the construction of the entire stupendous route, provided he could get grants of land from Congress, along each side of the road, sufficient to warrant its completion and justify its inception. But Congress, with the customary wisdom and foresight for which that astute body is so remarkable, chose to receive the project coldly, and finally to ignore the whole thing, and preferred to leave a measure so fraught with the ultimate true glory and prosperity of the country, to die of neglect, and turned with never flagging zeal again to the agitation of the perpetual negro, that finally brought on a war whose like the world never saw before, and may it never see again—whose results we are now feeling in part, and which our children's children are yet to feel to the tenth generation—ending in the freedom of an unfortunate race who are doomed to perish because they are free—and with deep principles of sectional hatred implanted in the two superior races—which threaten yet to destroy that boasted liberty in whose name the conflict was waged, and cost the country enough money to have built a hundred Pacific Railroads, and to have erected school-houses and churches on every square mile of settled land on the continent of North America. If the Pacific Railroad, at the time Mr. Whitney memorialized Congress on the subject, had been put upon its course of completion, by that body's passing a bill to that effect, and thus vitalizing and realizing a project they then deemed visionary, instead of wrangling over the incessant and inevitable negro, it might have diverted away from this unhappy country the storm of war then gathering in the distance, with its faint mutterings heard from afar, but heeded not by the unwary.

Yes, if the great national project of a Pacific Railroad had at that time been undertaken under a law of Congress, and pushed through with the labor of as many men as were killed and wounded at the battle of Shiloh, the rich commerce of a world would have been thus diverted to our country—and secured to us forever—making us the first country on the globe in wealth, and constituting us one people for all time to come. It would have drawn the angry lightning from the threatening cloud of war, and conducted it harmless to the earth. It would have built us up to a mighty position in commerce; it would have put into our hands the sceptre which rules the world. It would have cemented the bonds of union among our people, for indissoluble bonds of iron would then have bound them. It would have made all Europe tributary to us, and all the gorgeous wealth of the Indies would in time have been our own; for its trade, which has hitherto enriched every nation that controlled it, would then inevitably have fallen like ripe fruit into our laps.

But even yet, if the radical Congress, in the ascendant at Washington, instead of throwing every obstacle in the way of the President towards reconstruction and harmony among our nation, just emerging from a sectional war, and employing their time in devising schemes to elevate the negro and themselves into office, would cease to negroize—even for a baeathing spell—and lend their aid by proper legislation, to complete the great Southern Pacific Railroad through Texas, which would stretch its mighty arm across our continent with its fingers grasping and holding every inlet and outlet of trade—traversing the greatest cotton belt on the habitable globe—and passing almost every foot of its way over a rich and bountiful soil in a mild climate, where snows form no obstruction to travel, free from expensive streams to bridge—no deep cuts or heavy fills to make—and not a single *tunnel* on the route. We say, if they would do this now, while it is called to-day, and abandon their mad legislation about the negro, they might yet bind the South to them with hooks of steel and bands of iron, and cement our hitherto glorious union together forever. Let it be

built—let it go forward! And let it become the heart of our nation's prosperity, and the channel of commerce for all the world, when every civilized nation under the sun shall then pour a portion of its wealth into the streams of our commerce to enrich a happy and re-united people, and render them the sovereigns of the civilized world—ruling by the gentle arts of peace—and by the extension of their commerce implanting their free institutions in every land where the sun shines or the clouds are poured out in rains.

To continue the subject of the Southern Pacific Railroad, we would remark that Mr. Burkhart, agent, on Main street, has shown us a map of the route which the Company are building from Shrevesport, La., to El Paso, Texas, and which they are now pushing forward to its terminus with great zeal and industry, having a large number of hands constantly at work, and having already finished it as far as Marshall, Texas; and the cars will be by the first of August next, running regularly between the two points, carrying an immense amount of freight and large numbers of passengers. It is estimated that 120,000 bales of cotton will be shipped this year by the company on their road from Marshall to Shrevesport—a distance of forty-two miles—yielding for this item alone, a tariff of $240,000. This fact alone gives evidence of the present ability of the road to pay all expenses and yield a handsome income, besides giving an earnest of future prosperity. These facts afford encouraging reasons for investing in the stock of the company, which there is no doubt will pay its holders handsomely in the course of time, if it does not at once yield a profit. The State of Texas has, with great generosity, to encourage the enterprise, donated to the Company sixteen sections of land, or 10,250 acres for every mile of road constructed, beside loaning $6,000 for every mile, at six per cent. interest per annum, and without exacting of the Company any extra tax or bonus, as the State of Illinois did of the Illinois Central Road, who pay to the State seven per cent, of their gross earning, and which realizes to the State sufficient revenue to pay the expense of its government.

What will be the effect of this Southern Pacific Rail-

road to the State of Texas? Why to bring to its arms the hardy pioneer, the mechanic, the farmer, and thriving German emigrants, and build up the State with a teeming population of thriving, hearty and industrious citizens, who will in a few years more than doubly pay for all its generous gifts to this great enterprise.

There is one other fact which should not be overlooked, and it is, that the road does not come in competition with any navigable stream, being above the navigable point of all in the State.

A LIBERAL TRANSLATION.

Cœlum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.

[HORACE.

He'll cross in vain the trackless main,
Who bears a troubled mind,
The bitter grief that scorns relief
He cannot leave behind!
In vain on other skies he'll look—
On other faces gaze—
In vain in search of Lethe's brook
His wand'ring footstep strays!

For still with him his troubles swim
The dark and stormy deep,
Cross ocean's space, with him keep pace,
And in his hammock sleep!
Though blue the skies of other climes
And fair their lands to see,
The pleasure which the scene sublimes,
For him can never be!

For to each goal his care-sick soul
He carries with himself,
And finds the bliss he there will miss,
Alas, no sea-born elf!
For happiness is of the mind,
And born of blest content,
Which not in change of scene we find,
But days in virtue spent!

LOUISVILLE, KY., July 11, 1866.

DANVILLE DEAF AND DUMB ASYLUM.

When last at Danville, I had the pleasure of calling several times upon Messrs. Jocobs and Cheek, at the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and of witnessing the mode of instruction to the pupils of the Institution.

In the first place I ought to speak, perhaps, of the magnificent building which the munificence of the State has erected for the benefit of her mute population scattered here and there throughout the broad domain—and, indeed, they form quite an item in the census of our people, and need quite as much as any other classs of unfortunates, the fostering hand of public charity, Tney are born, most of them, with all the intelligence of children ordinarily, but through the inscrutable designs of Providence, are deprived of communication with their fellow-mortals, through the accustomed medium of speech. But thank God, they are not, in this age, at least, "out of humanity's reach," although they

> "Never hear the sweet music of speech,
> Nor start at the sound of their own,"—

and are not by any means permitted to "finish their journey alone;" for they are taught now, throughout our common country in Institutions like the aboue, under the kind guidance of good and patient teachers, lessons in learning and morality, which accompany them thence through life wherever they may be.

The building is a tall, mssive, commodious, and well-proportioned structure—furnished with ample sleeping and dining apartments, and admirably adapted to the purpose for which the liberality of the State designed it. It is an ornament to the town of Danville, and a proud monument of the kindness and thoughtful liberality of the citizens of our Commonwealth. I do not remember the year of its foundation—I mean the Institution itself, but I have been and am witness as thousands of others have been and are, to the blessings which it has conferred on many a poor unfortunate child, who otherwise would have remained ignorant of religion and God, and been totally un-

fit for the avocations of life. But the praises of the two gentlemen we have just named, (Messrs. Jacobs and Cheek,) will be *chiefly in the mouths of those who cannot speak!* They have had more to do, I suppose, with dispensing the blessings of the Institution to those deprived of spoken language, than any other two men ever associated with the Danville Deaf and Dumb Asylum. They have lent themselves for long years of the past to the building up of the Institution, with a spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice that will commend itself to posterity, if it should be overlooked by the restless spirits of the present—and their kindness, their patience and their love will be faithfully transmitted and recorded a hundred years hence, on hearts which even still, shall have no utterance for their hopes, their interestsand their loves, save by that which has been given them by persons who are still like the patient, meek, and humble, but noble-hearted and self-sacrificing men to whom I have alluded, dispensing to the dumb, words and signs of joy, and making young and happy hearts, even from out such affliction's deep vale—speak words of gladness mid a generation who shall *see* but shall not *listen* to the signs and wonders of their joy.

The number of pupils there, when I saw them last, was between seventy and eighty. It was interesting and delightful to us, to witness how by signs and gestures, their patient teachers

> "Taught the young idea how to shoot,
> And poured the fresh instruction o'er the mind,"

The impressions which it made then upon my mind can never be erased, and I give them to the public now, still entertwined and strongly blended with the warmest recolections of my heart.

I would state for the benefit of those unfortunates, and to direct to the fact the attention of the proper officers, that by a recent act of our State Legislature, all Assessors are required to retnrn the names of all the deaf mutes in their respective counties, *with their nearest post offices, written immediately after their names.*

In a conversation with Mr. J. while at Frankfort last winter, we remember that this was particulary urged, in or-

der that all the deaf and dumb children in the State might share the advantages of the Institution. I therefore urge it upon the officers alluded to, to attend to their duty in this matter.

It may be added in conclusion, that although the law permits pupils to be received at the Institution from other States, provided their parents or guardians pay their board and tuition, there were only three thus received up to the time of Mr. Jacobs, making his report to the Legislature.

LITTLE NETTIE'S GONE.

Written for Mrs. E. B. Higgins, formerly of Saint Louis, Missouri.

A few short years with us below,
She bloomed a lovely flower,
But now the gem we worshipped so,
Bedecks a heavenly bower;
And bright is that immortal clime
Where now her life glides on,
The cloudless clime untouched by time,
Where little Nettie's gone!

Sweet Nettie was our joy and pride,
But earthly joy departs,
And when our darling Nettie died,
It almost broke our hearts.
'Twas very hard to give her up,
We wept in grief alone,
And still we drink of sorrow's cup,
Since little Nettie's gone.

We cannot call the loved one back,
Nor would we if we could,
To tread earth's dark and thorny track
In lonely solitude!
Ere many years of suffering,
We hope to follow on,
Where life is one immortal spring,
Where darling Nettie's gone!

LOUISVILLE, KY., July 30, 1866.

THE LEAVITT SEWING MACHINE.

God bless the man who invented Sewing Machines!

The voices of millions of poor women redeemed from the stitch and needle of old, shall in future ages, hymn his praise, and every button on posterity's coat tell the story of his greatness. They are now driving those Machines in New York City by steam—so Mr. R. informed us. Think of a hundred Sewing Machines stiching away under a pressure of steam of forty pounds to the square inch, and think of the well-dressed men lying around them in chaos, after such a day's work, to be gotten up in future "regardless of expense," and without unnecessary delay by the U. S. Mails! Behold in ideal but magnificent panorama, the long train of tastily clad individuals passing in dignified procession before the mind's eye—and ponder on the preternatural powers of the imponderable steam.

These reflections were caused by my stepping into the salesroom of Mr. C. L. Radway, Fourth street, Louisville, where I had the pleasure of looking at the Machine in question and seeing it at work. It is a very superior Machine, and possesses some desirable qualities which others have not. It appeared to be worked with great ease and rapidity, and under skillful management, we suppose it could do a vast amount of sewing in the course of a day. Eight pairs of common pantaloons could, we suppose, be thus made upon it in twelve hours. The number of stitches which that would require, if done by hand,—the reader can imagine.

A marked feature in this Machine is its simplicity. In this respect it is without an equal; and this quality should commend it at once to the public.

I would add, in conclusion, that the patent which Mr. R. is introducing to the public, has a great advantage—one never to be too highly valued by the ladies—who have been perplexed, bothered and fretted so often by the accidents occuring in other machines: *The thread of this one never breaks; owing to the smoothness with which its machinery runs.*

THE PRETTY BRUNETTE.

In the days of my youth, when friendship was truth,
And the world looked brighter than now,
I met a dear maid where a wild river strayed,
And the sweet dimples played, 'neath her ringlet's dark shade,
With the sunshine that fell from her brow!
Oh happy was she as a maiden could be,
Unknown to a pang of regret,
And dancing and gay as the wild river's spray,
Was the life of the pretty brunette!

But the changes of years with their smiles and their tears,
Their sunshine and gloom have been mine—
Since by that wild stream on my life's early dream
She glowed like a vision divine—
Since I looked on her face 'twas a heaven to trace,
As by the wild river we met,
And hard by its brink where the violets drink
Fell in love with my pretty brunette!

She passed from my view as a cloud from the blue
Of the sky hastes swiftly away,
When the fleet winds roam through heaven's high dome
And clear the dark shadows from day!
I have seen her no more since that hour of yore
By the river's wild border we met,
But deep in my heart, never thence to depart,
Ever dwelleth my pretty brunette!

A VISIT TO INDIAN CAVE.

I took an excursion down the Nashville railroad a few days ago as far as Cave City, and then left the railroad and journeyed partly on foot and partly per wagon, to the residence of my old friend and "college chum," Dr. Samuel Young, of "Indian Cave," Barren county, Ky., distant about four miles from Cave City. I was entertained with distinguished hospitality during my stay by my friend and his excellent and accomplished lady, and spent some three or four days with them, which I shall reckon hereafter as the happiest of my life. In the cooling shades and sequestered bowers around their happy home, I sat and talked with the friend of my boyish days of old St. Mary's, and its scenes of fun and frolic, its checkered hours of youthful joy and disappointment—of young ambition's flights and fancy's fairy dreams—now fled forever—and sighed to recall with the author of the "Song of Tara:"

> "The smiles, the tears
> Of boyhood's years,
> The words of love then spoken,
> The eyes that shone,
> Now dimmed and gone,
> The tender hearts now broken."

But we must confess that we found while there some solid consolations for the regrets and losses of the past, if ice creams, mint juleps, smothered chicken and excellent "Havannas" could have anything to do with alleviating the sorrows of this present life. And we acknowledge that with us they do, undoubtedly. Others talk of *drinking* to drown sorrow, but for ourselves, we have found but few griefs that were capable of withstanding a course of thorough and persistent good eating. Perhaps this may be accounted for on that principle of natural philosophy which forbids that any two given things should occupy one and the same space at the same time. Consequently he that is filled with a good dinner cannot at the same time be full of sorrows. For this suggestion, as well as a thousand others I have given the world, I charge nothing.

In company with my friend Dr. Y., I spent some two or three hours in examining "Indian Cave," which is a great curiosity in its way, and well worth the trouble and time of going to see. It is not on so grand a scale as its close neighbor, the "Mammoth Cave," but it is full of gems of beauty. There is a descent from the entrance to the floor of some sixty or seventy feet—which is rather steep—but after that you come to a smooth, level and beautiful road.

The first object of interest which we encountered was the "Pool of Bethsaida," whose waters are clear and sparkling, and delightfully refreshing and exhilarating to the imbiber. It stands alone in the center of the first room, a solitary gem of lonely and silent beauty, welling up in fresh and unseen loveliness since ages gone some mighty convulsion down below came with roaring waters long pent up forcing their headlong way through earth and rock and hollowing out this mysterious cavern; whose voiceless chambers undisturbed by human speech for thousands of years have been the abode only of the sightless bat and cricket, and whose sun-forsaken streams have been navigated only by eyeless fish that have lived and died generation after generation from age to age, amid their waves that silently wandered on through the rayless and awful solitude.

In one room we have the "Prison of Chillon," out of which the imagination can readily construct the abode of that doomed martyr to liberty, whose patient and heroic endurance have been immortalized by the pen of Byron.

In another we have the statute of the "Madonna"—produced by stalactite and stalagmite formations, which fills the mind of the beholder with sublime and reverential reflections.

"Allene's Dome," so called from a beautiful young lady who first discovered it, rises in magnificent proportions and fills the mind with awe at the contemplation of the huge and massive structure reared by the hand of nature in the sunless regions of the hidden world. Besides all these we saw "Grant's Column," and "Lee's Column," the "Lone Secessionist" and the "Parted Friends," so named by myself at the request of Dr. Y.

This last consists of a stalagmite and staclactite shaft, which were formerly united but have been recently broken off—which suggested to my mind Coleredge's picture of "Friendship Disjoined."

"Alas, they had been friends in youth,
But whispering tongues can poison truth,
And life is thorny, and youth is vain,
And constancy lives in realms above,
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
They stood aloof, the scars remaining
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder, &c., &c."

The "Star Chamber" and the "Bulletin Room" also deserve special and extended notice, but I am sorry that space and time alike forbid me enlarging further on so agreeable a topic.

"Indian Cave" is about midway on the stage road from Cave City to the "Mammoth," and we advise all travelers and curiosity seekers on their way to the latter to give Dr. Young a call, and examine for themselves the cavern I have attempted to describe.

They will find the Doctor a very intelligent and pleasant gentleman—his wife a charming hostess, and the fare offered, both in the way of eatables and drinkables, unsurpassed in any portion of our country.

TO-DAY.

How brightly smiles this April day,
  How sweet its heavenly air,
'T is like the moments passed away
  In childhood fleet and fair.
The soft, serene, ambrosial sky
  Is full of love and joy,
White clouds, like dreams, are floating by,
  And yonder runs a boy
Who drives a hoop, intensely bent
  To find how far he can
Just drive that hoop with true intent
  From where he first began.
I think of him with saddened thought,

And watch the sport proceed,
And feel my breast too sorely wrought
With certain wounds that bleed.
In boyhood's careless happy years
I too pursued such fun,
And hence I now am touched to tears
That sport to look upon.
Hard driven like that hoop I've been
Along life's turnpike way,
And from the battle and the din
Have earned no actual pay;
I pause and sigh to contemplate
What visions once I had
Of many a fair and rich estate,
When I was but a lad.
Life's gorgeous colors mixed and blent
Still charm the rambling poet,
But if I've got the first red cent
I really do not know it.

RELIGIO-POLITICAL JOURNALISM.

Among our exchanges we receive several from the North devoted (or professing to be devoted) to religious instructions and moral teachings; but really it seems upon a careful perusal that they are more concerned about the things of Cæsar than those of God, and that they make politics, rather than religion, their chief study. One or two religious papers from the south seem becoming equally absorbed in political discussions.

We believe it to have been the design of the statesmen who framed our Constitution to have effected a complete divorce of church and State—seeing that their union had been the bane of all previous governments. Ministers of the gospel of christianity are out of there sphere whenever they meddle with politics, and the baleful effects of such meddling are always shown in the sequel as exhibited so painfully and terribly in the late fraticidal war in our country—the "bloodiest picture in the book of time." Our country was at peace—the freest, the most equitable

and just government the world had ever known. But the clergy North and South—not willing to let well enough alone—took to harranging the people of the two different sections from their pulpits, and appealing to them through their papers, until a storm of hate and madly contending passions raged from one end of the country to the other. The dreadful results which followed are too well known ever to be forgotton by our people. And now, we think, that as the strife is over and the issues are decided forever, the talents of those who preach the doctrines of the meek sufferer of Nazareth, should rather be engaged in the heavenly work of healing the wounds which the war has left, than in tearing them afresh and fermenting unhappy quarrels between different sections again to ultimate inevitably in blood. The angels whose celestial voices heralded the advent of the saviour to earth, did so in the cheering words: "Peace on earth and good will amongst men," and we submit that that doctrine with its mild and humanizing tendencies would be far more becoming in the mouths of the professed exponents of his words than those bitter and angry denunciations which they are in the habit of heaping on those they judge his foes. But we are pained to see, as we daily look over magazines and papers from North and South, that this bitter rancor of partizan feeling still survives the war; and we are constrained to think that the "era of good feeling," if left to the wishes of the clergy in the respective sections, will be a long time coming. We make these reflections in no spirit of malevolence towards the distinguished editors of these papers, and it is more in sorrow than in anger that we allude to the subject—but it cannot escape the attention of the least observant that such is the tone and tendency of religious monthlies and weeklies, with few exceptions, throughout the North and the South, at this time. We sincerely regret it. When shall it cease? And when shall those watchmen on the tower of Zion be found "pouring oil upon the troubled waters," instead of hurling firebrands through the land from their high and sacred positions! Let them rather preach Christ and Him crucified, than Jeff. Davis or Abe Lincoln, *and him justified!*

LINES TO H. M. M.*

Friend of my youth's brief, happy day,
I trust our bosoms still are one;—
Still lighted by each genial ray,
That beams from love's warm, kindly sun.

Though Henry, years have intervened,
Since we in social converse met,
From thee my soul hath not been weaned;
My memory thee can ne'er forget.

The scenes our early childhood knew,
To me are rendered doubly dear;
I think of thee when them I view—
And they thrice sacred then appear.

By Chaplin's gentle, silvery stream,
Together often have we strayed,
And watched the placid moon's bright gleam,
That on the murmuring waters played.

When earth was decked in robes of spring,
Our steps through field and forest hied
To hear the wild birds on the wing,
Pour forth their native strains in pride.

The recollection of those hours
Will in this heart forever dwell;
And bloom in sweetness there like flowers,
And bind my spirit in its spell.

BOYLE COUNTY, KY., 1839

*H. M. McCarty, Esq., at present associate editor of the Industrial and Commercial Gazette.

SOMETHING ABOUT SOCIETY AND MAN.

The movements and the machinery of society are complex—but there is one simple law which governs the whole that is, the law of reciprocity. In society pride is met with pride; condescension and politeness by correspond ing demonstrations in the other party.

Humbleness and affability find their counterparts and neighbors—hauteur exhibited is opposed by hauteur in return—candor on the one part is met correspondingly on the other; while slyness and circumspection are sure to arouse suspicion and reticence. There can be no nobler appeal made to our human nature than a trusting confidence implied in its sense of justice and magnanimity and right. Treat a man as if you thought him a god, and sometimes he will be a god. But treat him as if you looked upon him as a demon, and frequently he is ready to play the demon at a moment's warning—"and since he cannot prove your lover," you will find him "determined to play the villian."

There are the fewest number of natures in this world so utterly depraved as to be insensible to that sort of flattery which appeals directly to the higher and nobler qualities of their souls. Here they commonly give in, however hard and abondoned, and you strike a deep chord that is seldom if ever struck in vain. It brings directly the immortal back to man and links him once again to the seraphs with whom he erst walked and unto whom he is still allied. The soul struggles in a moment through the sordid layers of passion, and straight asserts itself again—anciently of God—eternally to endure as the pure essence of truth—benighted for a season here—"lone, wandering, but not lost"—its world and empire are of the pure divinity of God, where love and happiness are kindred in the climes from whence it came. And to the Christian, the philosopher and the lover of his race, there is still a blessed hope left amid all that seems so wrongly going and so bewilderingly astray at times, that the earth will yet

become the abode of man, redeemed and regenerated from the evil now around him—associate of spirits from a happier clime, who were created but not born—who never knew the sins or sorrows of this earth and shall then be the fit associates of man redeemed:

> "Whose heaven-erected face
> The smiles of love adorn,"

and over whose nature shall have come the better influences of that benign religion whose essential essence is charity and love, and whose eternal author once said through the prophet-voice of one of his chosen apostles: "Behold I create a new heaven and *a new earth*, wherein dwelleth righteousness; for the old things are passed away!"

MY BLOOMING KATE.

Ye sacred Nine attend my prayer,
And bid the muse relate,
The many charms beyond compare,
That deck my blooming Kate.

Her locks are like the raven's wing,
As idle bards might prate;
But I discern a fairer thing,
That decks my blooming kate.

A placid mind, a soul serene,
Are ever her estate;
And that is why my soul, I ween,
Doth ever cling to Kate.

If she would deign to be my bride,
With love and joy elate,
I'd build a bower on Chaplin's side,
And thither bear my Kate.

And as the tranquil days rolled on,
To Death's advancing date;
My heart should own the bliss it won,
Beneath the smiles of Kate.

My mind should build no dreams of fame,
And sigh not to be great,
As in our cot I nursed the flame,
That ceaseless burned for Kate.

The dove that coos from yonder tree,
To cheer his pensive mate,
Could not to her more constant be,
Than I would be to Kate

I'd watch her as some lovely flower,
And oft at eve await,
When twilight brought the tender hour,
The looked-for smile from Kate.

We'd dwell beside our humble stream,
Nor heed the frowns of fate,
If but our lowly cot should beam,
With treasured smiles from Kate.

TO LEONARD JONES, ESQ.

ON HIS LATE RETURN FROM WASHINGTON CITY.

Illustrious prophet of the flowing beard
And hair of most enormous length,
Again within our town hast thou appeared
In all thy capillary strength.

No false Delilah's keen and cru el shears
As yet thy potent locks have shorn,
And left thee floundering in despair and tears,
Among the Philistines to mourn.

The self-same greasy coat of honest jeans
Adorns thy burly person yet;
Thou changest not with life's gay shifting scenes,
Nor dost thy purposed aims forget.

For still thou runnest on for President,
Abandoning the canvass never;
And yet on endless length of years intent,
Art threatening still to LIVE FOREVER.

HAVE YOU STRUCK "ILE?"

AN OLEAGINOUS POEM.

In Louisville the other day,
  A venerable man I met,
Who, in a voice half sad, half gay,
  Inquired if I,d struck "ile" as yet.

"Not so, my ancient friend," quoth I;
  "I have not hit that lucky tap,
But still have hopes that, by-and-by,
  I'll wake Petroleum from his nap.

"Dupont, that bored the Artesian well,
  'Twas long before he found the water,
But when 'twas found, ah, who could tell,
  The dollars it would take to have bought her.

"Full forty feet it rose in air,
  And bubbled up and on like thunder,
And still kept falling down from there,
  To make the folks all stare and wonder.

"Success will follow patient licks,
  Given day by day to our endeavor,
As laughter follows monkey's tricks,
  Or trade doth follow rail or river;

"And so, old friend, though I've not found,
  As yet, the "ile" which maketh rich,
I know it's somewhere under ground,
  For I have long 'hearn tell of sich.'

"And, maybe, in my rambling routes
  Across the State where I was born,
I'll come across one of those spouts,
  That fills the space in plenty's horn;

"And then I'll grease the wheels of life,
  And in a rocking carriage ride—
I'll buy silk dresses for my wife,
  Wherewith to stem bold fashion's tide—

"And in the said vehicle, too,
My wife aforesaid shall be borne,
Till from said wife, all trim and true,
By death or otherwise I'm torn,"

Then did mine ancient friend reply,
While bowing low, and said to me:
"I'll pray to him who rules the sky
That oil may yet be found of thee.

"Go on—still keep the patient search;
Try mountain, rock, and dark ravine,
And thou so long left in the lurch
May yet at church some day be seen

"In white kid gloves and mottled shawl,
Sitting straight up in thine own pew
Beside thy wife, the observed of all—
But time hastes on, my friend, adieu!"

And down street went the said old man
Directly forth unto his store,
To fix and faishion many a plan
To please the buyers evermore.

He was, himself, this said old man,
What's called "an oily man of God"—
In wealth's career he's with the van,
And worth some hundred thousands odd.

He did not bore in youth for oil,
But wore a grave and knowing face—
Long time in patience he did toil,
But afterwards grew rich by grace.

He is a wealthy merchant now,
And I do blame him not at all;
For he's got rich—would you know how—
The Church—the Shop is free for all.

Petroleum was my song at first;
To it, then, I will straight return,
What glorious visions on me burst,
What chandeliers do blaze and burn;

What gilded coaches meet my gaze,
What palaces all bright arise;
To fancy's view the scene displays
More splendor than the star-lit skies.

What hosts of servants now attend
Lord Oilsome on his winding way,
What swarms of flatterers bow and bend—
His oil-bought span, how darkly bay—

How will mankind enjoy the time,
The halcyon days of love and peace,
And time's fleet steps move on sublime,
When all the world grows full of grease.

Oil on the waters shall be thrown,
All strife 'twixt man and man be laid;
No gaunt and ghostly want be known,
No dimeless devil smashed in trade.

While that green money Salmon weaves
Shall be at par with glittering gold,
And plenty as the showers of leaves,
In Vallambrosa's woods of old.

Beside the clasic streams of oil;
From busy Care's dull round released,
We'll rest from labor's ceaseless moil,
And see our flocks and herds ingreased.

Art then shall live—the sculptor's dream
In chiseled stone shall deck the plain,
Each sunny hill with splendor beam,
And ancient *Grease* return again.

Then let us bore! brave boys, bore on!
You'll strike the oozy stream at last;
Bore on till every dollar's gone,
For wealth ahead and grandeur past:

Bore on till all the world's a bore!
It *augurs* well for you and me—
We'll see what ne'er was seen before—
Wa'll see my boys, what we shall see.

Plauge take the man that will not strive
To better his condition here,
And take the chances while alive ;
For when he's dead they disappear.

The lazy lout that has no pride
To work for wealth and days of ease,
He'd better slope or stand aside,
Or, better still, "back out and grease."

Then let him rise and come ahead,
Take stock ot once and glorious grease
Possess and have, grow rich and wed,
Or ever after hold his peace !

Great companies are forming now
To penetarte this harmless earth ;
They 've left the hammer, forge and plow,
And trust to oil for wealth and worth.

And when they strike the vein of "ile,"
It 's worse than any spouting whale—
Flows out and on for mony a mile,
And covers every hill and vale.

It flows along its solemn course,
And none its onward track can stay ;
It carries men and things by force—
Washing tools' teams, and towns away.

But see the golden dollars left ;
Watch how the glittering greenbacks shine,
When "sich and sich" a cliff is cleft,
And forth doth well the lymph divine—

Old Nature's stores of liquid fat,
Whose rich supplies, all undecayed,
She's placed away in many a vat,
For references of future trade ;—

To oil the world's machinery well,
When that bright day by seers descried
Shall reach us and all men shall dwell
In peace and union, side by side.

And nations freed from labor's chain
Shall by machinery till their lands,
Shall break the soil and reap the grain
Without the work of human hands.

The fruitful earth shall bring supplies
It costs no human sweat to earn,
And fully, amply shall suffice
For all man's varied wants in turn.

Then bore away, I say again!
Drive on through sun and wind and rain!
Of "bores" and "strikes" let none complain,
Save those who bore and strike in vain.

Petroleum—true 'twould smell as loud
By any other chosen name,
And Oil Kings still would be as proud,
And Fortune still as much to blame

If any lost the pile they risked,
And from gay Crœssus* Crcek came back,
Where they had frolicked, danced, and frisked,
Along the raccoon's moonlght track;

And pleyed at poker on a log,
Or courted mountain maids at eve,
And whispered love and drank their grog,
"Cut up big dog," and took their leave.

However, there were not a few
Who bought and made it pay like smoke—

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*There is some difficulty now afloat in the oil world, or among oil men, about *Crœssus* creek and Crocus creek, in Cumberland Co., Ky., as to whether there be two creeks of the above respective names, or one creek only, called by turns Crocus or Crœssus, as the case may be, with the last pronouncer. I myself am somewhat mystified about it, and give the following verse supplementary and explanatory:

Now whether is meant to be Crocus or Crœssus,
None knoweth it rightly, and may the Lord bless us.
But the folks may be only intending to joke us,
By knowing it's Crœssus and calling it Crocus.

They found the oil, and sold it, too,
  At large advances—that's no joke.

And there was one—I knew him well—
  A fellow whom the gods did love—
How often have I heard his yell
  That made the welkin ring above:

He was a wild-man of the mountains,
  Who took ten shares in virgin oil,
And bored right down to fortune's fountains,
  Which up a thousand feet did boil.

His name was Jones, his surname Bill,
He ran right up a steep high hill,
And there became so much enthused,
(To such good fortune all unused),
He cried out in stentorian tones
That scared the crows and stirred the stones:
"Hurrah for me and Betsy Jones!

"But yesterday a person mought,
"For 'ten and six' have bought me out;
"But now I'm rich as any cream,
"And stronger than a six horse team!

"I'll buy out all these hills and hollers;
"I'm worth at least ten thousand dollars!
"I'll give big dinners to my frierds,
"And flourish till life's journey ends.
"Around my farm I'll build plank fences—
"Hurrah for Jones, and d——n the expenses"—

He said, and bounding high aloft,
  Two dozen summersets did fling,
And then his coat and pants he doft,
  And walked into the "Pigeon-wing!"

And there he was at last accounts,
Beside one of those oily founts—
With nought on earth his dreams to ruffle,
Still leaning to the "double-shuffle!"

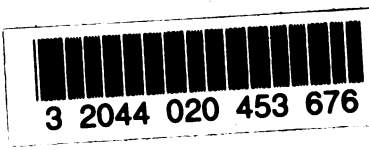
To Prof H. W. Longfellow,

Cambridge,

Mass.

From

A. F.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